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## CHRONICLE-UNION.

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## THE FEMININE ATHLETE.

She's very glad that summer's here,  
She is so fond of rowing;  
And tennis is a stunning game,  
And just the sport for showing

She's also great on walking,  
She's also great on walking,  
And gravely states: "The modern girl  
Does things instead of talking."

She'll give you points about base-ball,  
"Catch" for your swiftest pitching;  
She'll drive your very fastest span,  
And knows all knots for hitching.

She's hunted for her all your life,  
And feel this charming creature—  
"Among graceful, loving, sensible"—  
Has every single feature

That goes to make that perfect thing—  
A woman one could die for,  
Or live with all his happy life,  
With nothing left to sigh for.

But ask her one small room to sweep,  
"Such work is so very heating—  
Bad for my blood, I really can't;  
It sets my heart to beating."

Aristine Anderson in Munsey's Weekly.

## "JIM"

A Touching Little Story of the  
Johnstown Flood.

After the toasts of the dinner of the  
Johnstown Club on Saturday night, and  
when reminiscences were in order, some  
cheerful remarks brought out from Gen-  
eral D. H. Hastings, who, having been the  
benefactor of the newspaper men at  
Johnstown, had become their guest in  
New York, a story of the flood, which,  
though it has waited a full year for the  
telling, has the freshness and delicacy  
of a newly-plucked flower, and the al-  
ways new odor of heroism inseparable  
from a tale of noble actions, even  
though the hero be but a tramp. This  
is the way the General told it:

"It was the night after the flood, and  
I had arrived on the spot only a short  
time before, after driving sixty miles  
over the mountains. You know what a  
horrible thing darkness was in John-  
stown anyhow, and that was the first  
night, and the worst. A few of us were  
standing on the bank overlooking the  
plain and the smoldering debris, at the  
bridge, saying nothing and trying not to  
think. Presently some one pulled a few  
pieces of wreck together and built a fire.  
We could see each other then, and one  
of the toughest looking men I ever saw  
in my life, and it took a pretty ragged  
and dirty and miserable man to attract  
attention in Johnstown then, hunted  
around until he found a battered old  
can, and in it he made some coffee over  
the fire and handed it around to us."

"I suppose you've lost everything?"  
"We always made some remark like  
that to a stranger then; it seemed about  
the only natural thing to say."

"No," said he, "didn't lose any thing."  
"You belong here?" said I.

"No," said he.  
"Got friends here?"

"No."  
"Look here," said I, "who are you,  
anyhow?"

"Well," he sort of muttered, "I'm what  
they call a tramp."

"Then he seemed to brighten up and  
said:

"I'll tell you I ain't done a stroke 'o  
work in more'n four year, but I just hap-  
pened to come along here, an' I tell you  
it just knocked me out. I seen all these  
people with nothing left an' nobody to  
help 'em, an' I just pitched in 'fore I  
knew it. I ain't much good, but I done  
all I could, an' I'm going to stay here  
now as long as I kin be of any help."

"I sort of took an interest in the fel-  
low as that, and told him who I was, and  
that if he'd come round to headquarters  
next day I'd give him some work to do.  
He was on hand early next morning, and  
he said he didn't mind what he did, so  
we tied a white piece of cotton about his  
hat, marked 'Morgue' on it in big let-  
ters, and told him to go and help handle  
the dead. You know what awful work  
that was, but he looked like a ghoul any-  
how, and he didn't kick at the assign-  
ment. After a day or two we noticed that  
he was one of the best men we had. He  
was patient, industrious and kindly, and  
as faithful as a woman. He never shirked  
a task, no matter how hideous, and he  
never stopped as long as there was work  
to do, day or night. When we organized  
a regular force, I wanted to put him on  
the pay roll, and I asked him:

"What's your name?"  
"Oh, just put me down 'Jim,'" he  
said; "that'll do."

"So as Jim he went down on the roll,  
and that was the only name we ever  
knew him by. We kept him at work  
about headquarters most of the time,  
and of forty-five of the forty-seven days  
I was in Johnstown I had no more  
steady, hard working, faithful and  
honest man among all the thousand that  
were there. He did every thing he was  
set to do so patiently, intelligently and  
uncomplainingly, that we all got to  
think a good deal of him. He remained,  
in appearance, a very tough-looking  
citizen, but as he worked among the  
sick and suffering and miserable, a good  
deal of his toughness wore off. He got  
more refined, somehow, although we  
didn't think much about it until after-  
ward."

"One day the last of the men were  
paid off, and he drew the first money he  
had had since he began to work."

"What are you going to do now,  
Jim?" asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You  
know I ain't always been a tramp; I  
used to have a nice home in Massachu-  
setts and a wife and children, but five  
years ago I had some trouble with my  
wife and I went away, and—well, I

ain't been good for nothing much  
since."

"Now, Jim, look here," said I, "what  
you want to do is to go right back to  
Massachusetts and see if your wife's  
alive, and look up your children and  
live like a man again."

"General," he said, "that's just what  
I was comin' to. You see, I ain't been  
caring much what became of me since I  
got to trampin' around, but seeing  
these people so miserable an' workin',  
you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could,  
its kind of changed me, somehow, an' I  
want to see if I can't be somebody my-  
self. So, I've got some money now, an'  
I'll go back an' hunt up my folks, an' I  
know I can get work, an' may be I'll  
get along all right again."

"Jim, you're just right," I said. "How  
much money have you got?"

"Sixty-eight dollars, General."

"Now, I'll tell you what you do;  
we're all going away in a day or two,  
you know, and you go down to the com-  
missary department and tell 'em to give  
you a suit of clothes, and fix yourself up  
some, and when I go home I'll take you  
with me, and you can stay a day or two  
with me, and then go on to Massachu-  
setts."

"He seemed very grateful. I asked  
him:

"What will you do when you get  
there?"

"Oh, I'll get work again."

"Well, all right; now you go off and  
get a new suit, and I'll take you home  
with me when I go," I said, and Jim hur-  
ried off toward the commissary depart-  
ment."

"Later in the day he came back.  
You wouldn't have known him. Of  
course the suit wasn't much, but it was  
neat and clean, and he'd got his hair  
cut and his beard shaved off, and he had  
on a boiled shirt and a necktie. He  
was a big, stalwart fellow, with a hand-  
some, waving mustache, and he looked  
really handsome. But there was some-  
thing the matter with him, and in a  
minute I knew what had spoiled Jim's  
life."

"Jim," I said, "you've been drinking."

"Well, General," said he, "you know  
I'm through work now, an' hadn't tasted  
a drop ever since I been here, so I  
thought I'd just get a quart of whisky  
while I was down there, and—and I  
guess I've drunk a pint or so of it, but  
I ain't drunk."

"Now, see here, Jim," said I, "this  
isn't right; you'll never get back to your  
wife and children if you start in this  
way. Quit it right where you are,  
and don't spoil every thing just as you  
are ready to begin over again."

"He sort of half promised and went  
on down the road, but I noticed that  
he met some friends and that there was  
a deal of tilting of elbows. I watched him  
until he met another party of friends  
and saw the elbows go up again, and  
then Jim went on out of sight."

"Some time afterward one of my aides  
came to the tent, looking very queer,  
and said:

"General, there's an accident hap-  
pened to Jim, and I guess you'd better  
come."

"I hurried off after him, and away  
up the railroad track I came to a little  
group of men, and in the midst of them  
poor Jim lying on the ground. He had  
got in the way of the freight train  
somehow, and both his legs were cut off  
above the knee. We picked him up and  
carried him to the hospital. We did  
what we could for him, but it wasn't  
much. Two or three of us sat by his  
bedside all night, and when day broke  
he died. We picked out the finest coffin  
we had for Jim; we dug his grave in the  
prettiest spot there was left in the cem-  
etery, and he had the biggest funeral  
that there had been in Johnstown at  
all. And the day we left we took a board  
and set it up at the head of his grave,  
and all we put on it was one word: 'Jim.'"  
—N. Y. Sun.

## HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

A Brooklyn Man Proves That His Theory  
Is Based on Good Ground.

"I tell you what it is," said a Brook-  
lyn man, as reported by the New York  
World, "I am firmly convinced that  
every man has his particular days for  
good and bad luck. Monday is my un-  
lucky day. I have been watching it for  
twenty years, and nothing can shake me  
in this belief. I never begin an en-  
terprise, no matter how trivial, or start  
on any journey on that day. Therefore  
I make Monday an off day and do noth-  
ing but putter around the house. Even  
in these little affairs every thing goes  
wrong. Take the record of last Monday,  
a fair average, and be convinced:

"Smashed finger while nailing board  
on fence."  
"Fell down cellar stairs with coal-  
scuttle."

"Fell over wheelbarrow while carry-  
ing step-ladder."  
"Sat down on chair when children had  
been pulling taffy."

"Got swindled by peddler."  
"Got thumb pinched in gate."  
"Dropped smoothing-iron on foot."  
"Baby got out in yard and was butted  
by strange goat."

"Tax man called."  
"While eating supper square yard of  
ceiling fell on dining-table."

"Went to bed to escape further disas-  
ter. Had nightmare. Thought I was  
falling from top of Eiffel tower. Fell  
out of bed and broke arm. Looked at  
clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes  
of midnight. Lay still till clock struck  
twelve. Was afraid if I moved before  
Tuesday was ushered in would have  
broken neck."

"Yes, indeed," concluded the man.  
"Monday is my unlucky day, and I ap-  
proach it with feelings akin to terror."

## ITS TO PIKE'S PEAK.

Tourists Can Now Reach the  
Mountain Tops with Ease.

Completion, at a Cost of Over Half a  
Million Dollars, of the Manitou &  
Pike's Peak Railway—How the  
Engines Climb the Mountains.

This stupendous and wonderful en-  
terprise was commenced about two  
years ago for the purpose of transport-  
ing tourists and others to the pinnacle  
of Pike's Peak, where an opportunity is  
afforded for beholding scenery of sur-  
passing grandeur and magnitude. It is,  
according to the Chicago Tribune, the  
most novel railway in the world, and  
renders almost insignificant, by com-  
parison, the famous cogway up Mount  
Washington and the incline railway up  
the Rigi in Switzerland.

Its exact length is 46,158 feet, or nine  
miles. The altitude of its initial sta-  
tion at Manitou is 6,000 feet; at the  
summit it is 14,200 feet above the level  
of the sea, the total ascent being 7,500  
feet, or an average of 846 feet per mile.  
The maximum grade is 25 per cent.,  
over 22 per cent. of the line having a  
grade of 22 1/4 to 25 per cent. The line is  
pretty crooked, even for an adhesion  
road, and has many sharp curves, though  
not more than some other roads of a  
similar nature. Of straight line there  
are 23,378 feet, and of curved line there  
are about 39 per cent. of the line being on  
corners. The sharpest curves are 16 de-  
grees, of which there are quite a num-  
ber. The culverts are of stone and the  
foundations are firmly secured and  
further protected and sustained by  
wide embankments. The rails are  
laid on red spruce and oak ties, 4 inch  
face, 7 inches deep, 9 feet long, laid 20  
inches centers. At intervals of 200 to  
600 or 700 feet, dependent upon the  
grades, anchorages are made by straps  
fastened to the ties and carried up-grade  
to eye-bolts set in blocks of masonry.  
As the whole track is consolidated, not  
only by the ordinary spiking, but by the  
extra fastenings of the track-rail, it is  
believed that these anchorages will be  
amply sufficient to guard against the  
movement of any part down grade. The  
track-rails are forty pounds per yard  
three and a half inches high. Between  
those in the center of the track are  
placed two cog-rails made of the finest  
cast steel. A special chair has been  
manufactured for these rails at Abt's  
great foundry in Germany.

On the Mount Washington road and  
on that up the Rigi the middle rail is  
constructed upon the principle of a lad-  
der. This is cumbersome, provocative  
of great noise, and only allows a speed  
of two and three-fourths miles an hour.  
The speed attainable on the Pike's  
Peak road is seventeen miles an hour,  
but the maximum rate will not be over  
eight miles and the average not more  
than five miles. One cog-rail would be  
amply sufficient to do all the work, but  
two are inserted to insure safety. The  
cogs are so fitted that the variation of a  
fiftieth part of an inch in one of them  
would cause the whole rail to be re-  
jected.

The engines, three in number, each  
weighing twenty-five tons, were built by  
the Baldwin Company, of Philadelphia,  
and are of the latest and most improved  
pattern. There are three wheels on  
each side of the engines which act as  
guards and to sustain weight. There  
are three driving cog-wheels, two of  
which are in constant use, and the third  
is reserved for emergencies. The propell-  
ing power is applied directly to a drum  
above the two rear drivers. The front  
drivers are moved by a walking-beam  
running from the second driver. The  
brake apparatus is especially strongly  
built. On either side of the cog-wheels  
is a corrugated surface which the heavy  
steam brake operates with tremendous  
force. The engines are also fitted with  
hand brakes, and an additional device  
(the Le Châtelier brake) by which the  
cylinders act as brakes. The tank holds  
705 gallons of water and is filled four  
times in each round trip. One engine  
will push two cars weighing 42,000  
pounds loaded.

Six passenger, two observation and  
two flat cars form the equipment. Each  
car has twenty-five seats with a capacity  
for carrying sixty persons per trip, and  
is also supplied with two tension brakes  
to be worked by hand. The cars are not  
tilted, but the seats are so arranged as  
to give the passenger a level footing. A  
unique feature of the road is that the  
engine instead of drawing pushes the  
cars.

From Manitou Station, near the up-  
per iron springs, the line runs up Engle-  
man Canon and follows this gulch to the  
headwaters of Ruston creek. This  
stream is a typical mountain brook, with  
clear, sparkling waters that come down  
the mountain side broken into number-  
less little cascades and foaming rapids.  
There are two pretty falls in Ruston  
creek, called respectively the Shelter  
and the Minnehaha. A succession of  
small but beautiful parks is reached.  
About two miles from Manitou, at "Art-  
ist Glen," splendid views are obtained  
of the surrounding country. The Gar-  
den of the Gods is plainly visible.  
About half way up is the Half-Way  
House, a delightful mountain resort af-  
fording those who desire to spend a night  
in the mountains comfortable shelter.  
Reaching the headwaters of Ruston  
creek the road curves to the southwest  
and Windy Point is attained, where an-  
other magnificent view of Manitou, the  
Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs,  
and the vast plains beyond is secured.  
Here the road begins to climb rapidly,  
crosses to the west side of the huge  
mountain, and then takes a bee-line to  
the summit.











## THE BIG HORN SHEEP.

Towering Precipices Easily Descended by the Woolly Roamer.

A Dweller of the Crags and Cliffs of the Rocky Mountains—How the Cautious Animals Escape from the Claws of the Hunter.

In a Malin street cigar store, says the Kansas City Star, is a stuffed specimen of the Argali, or big horn sheep of the Rocky mountains. This animal is not only very shy, but, having an appetite for vegetation which can only be discovered among the very highest plateaus of the Rocky mountains, is a dweller of the crags and cliffs. It is seldom that it breathes a more rarified atmosphere than is found in an altitude of 9,000 feet. Its manner of life and its place of living make it a difficult animal for the hunter, and the Utes and other mountain Indians in the day of the bow and arrow looked on the killing of a big horn as a feat. They are very scarce and not at all prolific.

There has always been a large amount of lying about the big horn. Hunters had, for a time, some unexplainable experiences with them. A bunch of four or five would be seen feeding upon some high grassy mesa or table-land, which would find termination, on three sides perhaps, in a precipitous up-and-down descent of several hundred feet. The hunter, ambitious and indefatigable, would, with infinite labor, creeping up canyons and crawling among rocks, come in behind them. He would exult in the certainty of a shot. The big horns could not escape. A 400-foot precipice on three sides so steep that a bird could scarcely sustain itself thereon and the hunter cutting off retreat on the fourth, matters looked gloomy for the big horn. Rooting himself for a moment to recover his breath and nerve, both somewhat strained in his scramble among the rocks, the hunter would move forward. On catching sight or scent of him the big horns would amble in a confident and contented way apparently to the edge of the precipice and disappear.

The hunter on coming forward would see his game racing far out in the valley 400 feet below. How did they get there? That was always the question with the Western man. It was finally concluded on all hands that the big horn jumped. As his four slender legs could scarcely be expected to sustain such a descent, the ingenious Western mind had recourse to the big horns from which the Argali gets his sobriquet. These are from four to seven inches in diameter at the base and sprout in horny spirals from the animal's head much after the fashion of the horns of that engine of destruction the common Merino ram. When the big horn leaped, said these Munchausens, he turned head downward and alighted on those horns. They had seen him make the trip, they said, and they would thereupon enlarge on the downward whirling plunge of anything from 300 to 2,000 feet, according to the modesty of the raconteur. They would tell how he descended like some curved woolly boomerang, and rebounded from his horned frontlet to a height of forty feet and then ambled away bleating with pride and pleasure at his success. So accurate a naturalist and so careful a writer as Mayne Reid wrote a book about it and in his story cast his big horns over precipices of 1,000 feet without a scruple.

But the Argali does not indulge himself in the flights ascribed to him. He has too much good sense. A jump from such heights would smash to smithereens a big horn made of steel. But the matter is not left to doubtful argument. Their manner of descent has been discovered and is easy enough—for a big horn—when once you witness it. All through these mountains you will find seams and rifts which split the precipices from top to bottom. The rock has been torn asunder by some force of nature and the result in many instances is a cleft or split where the walls are not separated twenty feet and yet run from the bottom to the top of the cliff some hundreds of feet. That the rock sides were once together may be seen in the swells or protuberances of one wall corresponding to the depressions in the other.

The big horn is the prince of caution. Before he is found anywhere he has made a complete war map of the neighborhood, which he carries locked in his woolly head. When he disports himself on some dizzy plateau he is always certain of an outlet. No cul de sac for him; he is too good a mountaineer for that. Before he nibbles a mouthful of the crisp herbage, he has looked up one of these deep rifts which go down to the valley below. The moment he is disturbed he makes straight for it. Arriving at the verge he never hesitates but jumps boldly out and down, aiming for the other side of the deep crevice. This he strikes with his four hoofs, and as he is hard as cast steel, and at once leaps back for the other side. He descends perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet at a leap, and as he could not retain a foothold for a moment at any one of the places he strikes the rock, he never pauses in his zigzag leaping until the last one brings him to the valley hundreds of feet below. That crevice is the big horn's stairway and that is the way he descends.

### Compressed Air Torpedo.

Still another torpedo, this one the invention of an Austrian Count, Buonoconti by name, has made its appearance in the European naval and military world. According to official and private reports of the trials of this instrument they were eminently successful, giving results superior even to those obtained from the Whitehead. The motive power is compressed air, acting directly from a reservoir upon the propeller without any assistance from a steam engine. The propulsion is effected by twin screws working inversely and giving a velocity greater and more continuous, it is contended, than any obtained in other torpedoes. One remarkable feature of this invention is the faculty of automatic guidance, which enables it to avoid protective nets and shields, and to dive any distance before rising to give the blow.

## THE DRY-GOODS CLERK.

His Qualifications Outlined by a Chicago Manager.

He Must Be a Gentleman and Have a Complete Knowledge of the Class of Goods He Sells—Pay Regulated According to Departments.

"Dry-goods clerks, although they are continually being sneered at, possess considerable brains," said the manager of one of Chicago's great retail houses to an Evening News reporter.

"People in general are fond of making unkind allusions to dry-goods clerks and considering them as a lot of machine-like men, good enough to wait on you and try to make you buy goods, but that is all. The fact is, many, if not all, clerks possess much business capability. In their own way they conduct almost a business of their own at the department over which they preside, and take as much pains to promote the growth of that business as if it were their own. The customer thinks that they are instructed to not just so and work just such schemes, but that is all wrong. The clerk receives no instructions, but goes ahead and carries on the work he is assigned to the best of his ability.

"I don't think there is a big retail house in the city where the salesman receives regular instructions about their work. I know they don't in our house. An applicant for the position of salesman comes in and asks me for a position.

"What are your qualifications, and how much experience have you had?" I ask.

"He tells me, and then I ask him what pay he wants. He will name the amount he thinks he is worth. Perhaps it is the limit of the amount paid in the department that he wants to work in. If I think I want him and I assure him, long years of experience have taught managers to guess pretty accurately of a man's worth in one interview. I tell him I will give him a place, but would not like to pay him at first quite as much as he asks. If all is satisfactory between us, and he is engaged, that ends it.

"He is introduced to the floor-walker in his department, who in turn introduces him to the other clerks in that department. He is given a check-book, placed behind the counter and left to bustle for himself. That's all there is to it. We don't tell him to act just so, and to be polite to this party or not to that. None of that at all. When I hired the man I did it supposing he was a competent man and a gentleman. No beginners or novices are taken. The men must have learned their business in some smaller house before they will get a job in a large one, and during their apprentice days should have learned all those points which go to make up a good salesman. He must know his duties thoroughly and understand the art of selling the articles in his department, once he becomes familiar with them and the prices.

"As to his manners, I would not have hired him if I did not believe him to be a gentleman. I never say anything to a new man on that head at all. He should be well posted on all points of etiquette and good-breeding necessary to make him agreeable to the people he waits on. The man is expected to go right in and sell goods in a way that will be profitable to the house and pleasing to its patrons.

"A clerk's pay is not gauged by his experience, but according to the department he is in and his ability to sell goods. There is a certain limit for the pay of clerks in each department, and we rarely go over that. A clerk is hired for a certain department, gives so much pay, and generally that ends it."

"In what department does a clerk get the best pay?"

"In the dress-goods, silk or linen department. You see, in the dress-goods and silk departments a great deal of the sales depends on the ability of the clerk to make the customer buy what she doesn't want. To so arrange fabrics as to catch her eye and make her want them. He must be a good talker—in short, have the 'gift of gab,' so as to make his patrons covet and buy more than they really intended to. Often a comparatively new and inexperienced man will be given a position in those departments for the very reason that he is a good talker. The manager thinks he has the right qualifications, and, although he may not know a thing about the business, the new clerk will go in and sell right over the heads of the old clerks. Such a man is valuable, and is generally, in the course of time, transferred to the wholesale house and sent out on the road.

"A man who understands linens is almost always in great demand. Our linens are made in the old countries, and when a man comes along who has been right in that business all his life he is valuable. Foreigners though he is, and doesn't know a thing about American ways, he is a valuable man, for he understands the merits of linens and can sell them. Such men are always sure of a position, and get good pay."

### The Height of Clouds.

Prof. Moller, of Karlsruhe, has made some interesting observations on clouds. The highest clouds, cirrus and cirrostratus, rise on an average to a height of nearly 30,000 feet. The middle clouds keep at from about 10,000 feet to 23,000 feet in height, while the lower clouds reach to between 3,000 feet and 7,000 feet. The cumulus clouds float with their lower surface at a height of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, while their summits rise to 10,000 feet. The tops of the Alps are often hidden by clouds of the third class, but the bottom of the clouds of the second class, and especially of the thunder clouds, often enfold them. The vertical dimensions of a cloud observed by Prof. Moller on the Netleberg was over 1,200 feet; he stepped out of it at a height of about 3,700 feet, and high above the mountain floated clouds of the middle class, while veils of mist lay in the ravines and dales. The upper clouds were growing thicker, while the lower ones were dissolving, and soon it began to rain and snow.—London Daily News.

## THEIR GRANDFATHERS.

How Quickly the Blood of Gotham's Artillery Became Blue.

Recently a Brooklynite was sitting on the piazza of the big hotel on the Hudson river hotel, not so many miles from West Point, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The Brooklynite was the descendant of a very old New York family which had transferred its lares and penates to this city early in the century. Stopping at the big hotel were members of the families of the Rhinelanders, the Gallatin, the Stewarts, the Gorras, the Staymans, the DePuysters, the Clintons, and several others of the best-known names in New York. A group was formed of a half dozen of the New York blue bloods and the Brooklynite. One of the party spoke of a literary treasure, if it might be so called, which he had a few days before picked up in an old book-stall downtown. The treasure was a directory of New York City printed a hundred years ago. The party were at once interested, and the directory was produced.

"Now," said a member of the group, "let us try an experiment. Each one of us will write the name of his grandfather on a slip of paper, hand it to one person, and then we will see if the names so collected appear in the directory." The proposition was received with great favor. The papers were distributed and the returns handed in. Then amid much merriment the hunt for the grandfathers began. The first name, now borne by the most distinguished family in Gotham, had opposite it the business of "butcher."

"Yes," said the fifteen or twenty times a millionaire who bore his grandfather's cognomen, "my grandfather sold meat to your grandfathers."

The second name unearthed proved to be a shoemaker.

"And my grandfather," said this worthy's descendant, "made your grandfather's shoes."

So it went round. All those names which could be found had the imprint of some useful trade after them. The Brooklynite's grandfather was dignified beyond all the rest by the respectable appellation of "merchant."

This is a positive fact; and there was not one of these descendants of butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers but in the inner circle of New York's four hundred and worth as many millions as he has fingers and toes.

It is no discredit, indeed, that such should be the fact. The country was new a century and odd years ago and New York was not so very much more than a village. But it is strange how quickly the blood of aristocracy gets so very, very blue.

## FIVE GENERATIONS.

Living Under One Roof in Washington—The Oldest a Centenarian.

Five generations under one roof constitute a singular combination, and yet such is the condition of affairs at 500 Eighth street, southeast, in Washington, near the marine barracks. Mrs. Agnes Robeson, one hundred and five years of age, is the oldest of the group, and during all these years she has been active and spry and able to do without spectacles. About five years ago she was pleased by an increased power of vision which enabled her to pursue uninterrupted her favorite pastime of darning stockings for her grandchildren. Prof. Mahon, on the Isle of Monaco, was the birthplace of Mrs. Robeson and she remained in Spain until about thirty-eight years ago, when she came to this country to join her daughter, who had been widowed by the explosion of a gun on board the United States scampship Princeton in the administration of President Tyler. While in Spain it was Mrs. Robeson's good fortune to attend several receptions given in honor of the great Napoleon, and she frequently held conversation with the Empress Josephine. Reminiscences of these and other great people were a prevalent topic of conversation with her descendants every Sunday afternoon until recently, she being now prostrated by senile debility, although her mental faculties remain unimpaired. A grandson of Mrs. Robeson was one of the jurors in the Guitau case, his name being Thomas W. Fernilline. He died about eight years ago.

Although of a decided Spanish type, Mrs. Robeson speaks French almost as well as she does her mother tongue, and her piercing black eyes and rather short stature make her a noteworthy personage wherever she has been in the habit of visiting. Not long ago Mrs. Robeson attended what proved to be her last communion at St. Peter's Church, in this city. A few Sundays ago the invalid persisted in coming down-stairs to be present at the baptism of the youngest member of the family, who is now only thirteen months old. All these years Mrs. Robeson has moved about the world unaided by a crutch or stick, and many people are inclined to discredit the story that she was born nearly thirty years before the battle of Waterloo. She was very much prostrated, however, by the death of her favorite granddaughter several months ago, and her own death is said to be a question of a short time.

### Worst Disaster on Record.

"Yes indeed; send horse and carriage to depot," was the innocent message that went to a lady in Ulca not long ago. She was married, and her husband, usually called Joe, had been away from home for several weeks. The wife had telegraphed a lady member of the family to come up and spend a few weeks with her, and the answer was sent as above. The Ulca lady was prostrated with grief when she received a dispatch reading: "Joe is dead. Send horse and carriage to depot." Arrangements were made in a hurry, and the horse and carriage were in waiting when Joe and the lady stepped out of the train.

### A Society with a Name.

As a proof that a weakness for high-sounding names is not confined to the people of the United States, a newspaper tells of a London organization which calls itself "The Society for the Better Promotion of Relaxation from Business Cares and Enjoyment during Luncheon Hours in the Municipality of London."

## HE SURPRISED ELIZA.

And After Doing It He Was Treated to a Little Surprise Himself.

John Roberts, of North East, is a farmer well known to do, but he had always been eccentric about his clothes, writes a Baltimore correspondent of the New York Sun. Until a week or so ago he had not been known to buy a new suit of clothes for years. The ones he wore had been so often patched and repaired that no bit of the original warp and wool was visible. This personal slovenliness on the part of her husband was a source of constant annoyance to Mrs. Roberts, who is a woman of exceptional neatness. She long ago became so ashamed of his appearance that she would no longer accompany him to town to do her trading. This singular characteristic of the farmer was not owing to penuriousness, for he is a liberal man in all his dealings.

A few days ago he went to town to do a little trading, and, to the utter astonishment of the town, he purchased a new suit of clothes for himself. His new clothes were done up in a package, and he placed the package on the wagon seat beside him when he started home that night. It was a dark night. Farmer Roberts had got half way home when a brilliant idea struck him. He stopped his horse on a bridge where the road crosses the East branch.

"I'll do it, by gum!" he said. "I'll do it and surprise Eliza!"

Thereupon the farmer rose up in his wagon and began to take off the patched and repatched clothes he had worn so long. As he removed a garment he tossed it into the creek until he had tossed them all in, and had nothing on but his shirt.

"Great apple sass!" he exclaimed. "But won't Eliza be surprised!"

Then Farmer Roberts reached for the package that had his new clothes in. It wasn't on the seat. Farmer Roberts got down and reached under the seat. The package wasn't there. Then he felt all over the bottom of the wagon. The package wasn't anywhere on the bottom. Farmer Roberts rose up in the wagon and looked back along the pitch-dark road.

Then he climbed back in his seat, and away the horses went for home. The night was chilly, and there was three miles to go. When Farmer Roberts reached home and climbed out of his wagon he paused.

"The hull idee didn't work," said he, "but I'll bet nine dollars that I surprised Eliza!"

That he did no one doubts, but when he got up in the morning and went out to the barn clad in the hired man's overalls, and saw his package of new clothes hanging by its string on the brake handle at the side of the wagon, he was a little surprised himself.

## HE SEIZED HIS WIG.

A Row That Took Place in Congress Before the War.

The bloodless and brutal first fight between Congressman Wilson of Washington and Bookwith of New Jersey has started a flow of reminiscences of other ludicrous spots on the floor of the House, says a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of the best stories is told by Colonel Clinton, who was a newspaper correspondent here before the war. Some phase of the slavery question was up in the House. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, had been talking, and, as usual, he had aggravated the Southerners. Barksdale, of Mississippi, replied. Hot words passed. This was not the Barksdale of recent service in the House, but General Barksdale, who was killed during the war. As the interchange of invectives grew more and more personal it seemed that an encounter was unavoidable. Roger A. Pryor, then a young Congressman from Virginia, raised the lid of his desk and slipped out a pistol. Several others got ready. Just as the crisis was at hand a giant of a man from Wisconsin named Potter suddenly reached over from the Republican side of the House and made a grab for Barksdale. The Mississippian had long hair, which he always wore carefully brushed. To the astonishment of the whole House the luxuriant hair proved to be a wig it came off, of course. Potter stood there dumfounded, holding the magnificent covering aloft and looking first at the hair and then at the bald head beneath. The House held its breath for a moment and then roared with laughter. Barksdale, who was a man of great self-control, did not feel of resentment. Pryor raised the lid of his desk, put back his pistol, and laughed. Lovejoy sat down convulsed. Potter awkwardly restored the wig, and then both he and Barksdale smiled. There was no more thought of fighting over slavery that day.

## HIS NAME RECORDED.

And the Story Doesn't Say Whether It Was Erased or Not.

A gentleman was complaining bitterly of the lack of enterprise shown by the local newspapers in printing the news. "The reporters never seem to get onto any thing nowadays," he growled. "I don't suppose any of them heard a word about the slugging that a prominent capitalist gave a leading banker at the Windsor Hotel last Sunday."

A newspaper man in the employ of the Nebraska State Journal in hearing gave assurance that he was in full possession of the facts.

"Then why didn't you print the story?" demanded the stern critic.

"Do you believe that such things should be printed?"

"Why, of course!" with a scornful snort. "Of course! That is what papers are for. I wouldn't suppress any thing if I was running a paper."

The newspaper man took out his notebook and made an entry of the name of the critic.

"What's that for?" demanded the gentleman.

"To pull on you the next time you get into trouble like you did last March and come around and want the papers to hush it up. See?"

A dark brown silence fell on the group. In a moment the critic lifted his voice. "As soon as you erase my name," said he, "I will move an adjournment to the cigar stand."

## WHICH IS THE MOTHER?

The Hen That Lays the Egg or the Egg That Hatches It?

Which is the mother of the chicken—the hen that lays the egg, or the hen that hatches it? This, says the New York Tribune, is a question just decided by Justice McMahon, of Parkville, a small but interesting suburb of the City of Churches. It is the first case of the kind known to have been brought into court, and by reason of its unique importance the trial has occupied much of the time of the presiding justice. The facts are that Farmer McCaughn and Farmer Gormley are next-door neighbors, and their henneries adjoin each other. Farmer McCaughn owns choice game birds, but the fowls belonging to his neighbor are of the ordinary farm-yard standard. It was testified that one of Farmer McCaughn's hens scrambled over the fence and indiscreetly, if not wickedly and feloniously, did lay two eggs, at divers times, on Farmer Gormley's premises. The triumphant note which heralded this maternal achievement did not suggest to Farmer Gormley the propriety of picking up the eggs and delivering them into the possession of the owner of the hen. On the contrary, he promptly put them under a sitting hen owned by himself, and in due course of time they were hatched.

So soon as their feathers and little red combs began to grow Farmer McCaughn observed that these dubious chickens were full-blooded game birds, like those of his own henry, and he made a demand for them. Farmer Gormley denied the claim of ownership with emphasis and disdain. Then Farmer McCaughn summoned his chicken-raising neighbor before the court for trial, and issue was joined. The question was not between hen and hen, but between farmer and farmer; or, rather, it was a question as to whose hen was the mother of the chickens. Now, ordinary common sense would suggest that as the hatching of the chickens was a mere mechanical process, chiefly dependent upon caloric, as science has demonstrated most thoroughly, it is not characteristic, or necessarily even suggestive, of motherhood. The sitting hen is unquestionably an efficient incubator, and so, too, would be a rooster if you could get him to sit long enough; but who would presume to say that a rooster could become a mother, even if he should hatch a dozen broods? Justice McMahon has decided that Farmer Gormley must surrender the two chickens to Farmer McCaughn or pay to him the full amount of their value. But is not Farmer Gormley entitled to pay for the labor and services of his hen in hatching the eggs? The decision of the justice is righteous as to the main point at issue, but he seems to have overlooked the propriety of a counter claim. We advise Farmer Gormley to appeal.

## PECULIAR MANIA.

An Austrian Kleptomaniac Whose Weakness Was Handkerchiefs.

Probably no uncivilized man believes in kleptomania, says the Hospital. Even among civilized peoples many persons smile incredulously when they are told of the acts of kleptomaniacs. They know better; the kleptomaniac is a thief with a fine name, and the name has been invented for the purpose of screening the higher classes who indulge in low vices.

But a case has been brought to light recently which ought to convince the most skeptical. A man was arrested a short time ago in the act of stealing a pocket-handkerchief from a lady in a Vienna suburb. In his sane days he had been a prosperous banker, but a mania for cambric handkerchiefs seized upon him and proved his ruin. It was his habit to accost ladies in the street and offer to buy their pocket-handkerchiefs. If they refused he used to get angry and offer higher and higher prices until a bargain was struck. Many ladies—could they have been ladies?—traded upon his madness, until at last all his money was spent and he became a bankrupt. But bankruptcy did not cure his mania, for, no longer having money to pay for pocket-handkerchiefs, he took to stealing them and was sent to prison. For five years nothing was heard of his deceptions, and it was believed that his imprisonment had cured him. But a short time ago he was discovered at his old tricks.

When arrested he had fifteen cambric handkerchiefs in his possession, all of which he confessed to having stolen within an hour. In his bedroom four hundred and thirty-four cambric pocket-handkerchiefs were found, and it is believed that many more were concealed in hiding-places which he refused to reveal. He has never been known to steal any thing else, nor does he seem to have made any use of the cambric handkerchiefs. The tribunal before which he appeared very properly sent him to a mad-house and not to prison. This case is absolutely convincing, and probably no one who reads it will in future doubt the fact of kleptomania.

## A Snow-White Swallow.

Ornithologists in Paris are much interested in the discovery of a rare bird in the shape of a snow-white swallow. This novel specimen of the feathered tribe came to life lately in a nest which was built by the parent bird under the eaves of a glass roof covering a court in the extensive manufactory of a tradesman residing in the district of Grenelle. The white bird was born with two black specimens, one of which flew away as soon as it was fledged, whereupon the tradesman, in order to keep the other two, transformed the glass-roofed court into a temporary aviary. Photographs have been taken of the snow-white swallow and will be sent to the leading naturalists of the city, one of whom went to Grenelle in order to study the feathered curiosity. This gentleman was, however, too late to see the bird alive. It perished probably because too much care was taken of it, or through fright at the number of people who came to stare at it as a natural curiosity. The dead bird will now be stuffed and sent to the museum of the Botanical Gardens, where there is already a white magpie, which still lives and hops about among its companions, from which it only differs in color.

## TO EDUCATE NEGROES.

The Singular History of an Ex-Slaveholder's Bequest.

The State School Commissioners and the Attorney-General, writes an Atlanta (Ga.) correspondent, were in consultation the other day in regard to securing for the purpose of negro education in this State a sum of money that has lain in the Bank of England many years. It is a legacy the history of which is very singular.

Archibald McLean, a Scotchman, was a prosperous planter in Chatham early in the present century. His estate was known as Gowrie, and on it he had a large number of slaves. His family in Scotland was strongly opposed to slavery. After his death and the death of his son and heir a certain interest in the estate went to his brother, John McLean. John McLean died at Glasgow July 9, 1836, leaving a will that directed the application of half his interest in his deceased brother's Georgia estate to the education of the negro slaves there or their offspring as soon as the laws of Georgia should permit the education of the slaves. Four prominent Savannah merchants were named as trustees under the will, but declined the trust on the ground that the laws of Georgia prohibited the education of slaves, and the bequest was therefore void. The sum involved was a little over \$55 pounds. The heirs, in view of the legal condition of the legacy in Georgia, attempted to secure the money, but the courts decided against them. Accordingly the money has been in charge of the Bank of England, and William Lloyd Garrison was notified of the facts to the end that when circumstances might arise under which the money could be applied according to the terms of the will steps could be taken for securing possession of it.

After the emancipation of all slaves in this country a son of Mr. Garrison, who had found among his father's papers a memorandum on the matter, called the attention of the Georgia authorities to the legacy. While the Bank of England is anxious to pay over the money to whoever may be legally entitled to receive it, a letter to that effect having just been received by the School Commissioner of Georgia, the difficulty is that the negroes of the Gowrie plantation have been scattered by the war, and there is no way of finding their heirs. Now the question is whether the bequest, which has been bearing interest since 1836, can be secured and devoted to the general education of the negroes.

## DIDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM.

A Family Fails to Identify a Lost Child After He Is Washed.

Desplained street station was the scene of a touching incident last night, says the Chicago Globe, but one that had a pleasant ending. About half past nine o'clock an officer brought in a little urchin whose clothes were in rags, and whose face was so grimy that it was difficult to distinguish him from a pick-aniny. The lad was given in charge of Mrs. Price, the matron of the station, who began questioning the boy. All the information that could be gained was that his name was Thomas Hendricks and that he came from far away. Mrs. Price washed the little fellow, clothed him in a clean night-dress and put him to bed. While this was going on a family consisting of a father, mother, three boys and one girl were upstairs unfolding a tale of woe and trouble into the generous ear of Desk Sergeant Barber. They said that they had come from New Jersey and had walked most of the way and had only arrived in Chicago last night. They had no money, and to wind up their tribulations one of their little boys had strayed away and was lost. They gave the desk sergeant a description of the lost child, which the official easily recognized as the boy that was brought in a short time before. The tears of the unhappy parents turned into joy when informed of the fact that their child was safe and sound asleep below.

They were taken down-stairs, but failed to recognize their own child as he lay, sweet and clean, fast asleep on the white pillow. The boy had not been bathed since the family left New Jersey, and was consequently in a very dirty condition. In fact so much so that when the parents last saw him they utterly failed to recognize the child as their own. They commenced sobbing again, saying that it was not their Thomas, and it was not until they were shown the child's clothing that they believed it to be their own. Joy once more reigned supreme.

The real name of the family is Roberts. The name of the boy who was taken in is Thomas Hendricks Roberts, while a twin brother bears the honored title of Grover Cleveland Roberts. Another is a girl ten years old and two boys aged eight and eleven years respectively. They are on their way to St. Louis, where they have friends, and seemed full of grit, announcing their intention of walking that distance.

## AN OLD-TIME STUDENT.

How Prof. Peabody Worked During His Two Years at College.

Prof. A. P. Peabody, in the Forum, tells how a student worked in the old days. During my two years at college my amount of work, though fact seems far from my memory. I did nothing but study. I took no vacation, hardly a holiday, seldom an hour of play or recreation. I sat up till nearly midnight, and returned to my books before breakfast. My working hours could never have been less than twelve, and must often have been fifteen, or even more. I dreamed only of what filled my thoughts by day, revolved and, unless my memory deceives me, solved algebraic equations in my sleep, and wrote with some fresh rendering of a verse of Virgil or a sentence of Sallust just mounting to my lips. The permanent result was a capacity for what may be termed overwork, without reluctance, excessive weariness or reaction. Indolence. For a large part of my life I have done much more than one man's work, and that not by allying any portion of it but by a daily amount of labor exceeding the ten hours' limit, which the labor organizations so indignantly spare.